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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

[No. 8.

WHAT JIM FOUND IN HIS POCKET.

It was a great day for Jim Hagen when he went to be boy-of-all-work at the Mitchells', for it was the first time in his life that Jim had ever slept in a clean bed or had three square meals a day or spent twelve hours without getting a cuff from somebody. He was fast growing up into a wicked man, and seemed likely to end his days in the penitentiary, when God gave him a chance to do better.

Mr. Mitchell was crossing Fib's Alley, one day, hunting up some poor people he was trying to help, when he saw Jim fighting a boy bigger than himself to make him give a little child back a nickle he had seized. Mr. Mitchell went into that fight himself, drove off the bully, gave the sobbing child her nickle and another, and then turned his attention to Jim. For several days he inquired all around the neighbourhood about Jim, and everything he heard drew him to the boy. Not that Jim was anybody's good boy; he could not find that he was either honest or truthful, but he was brave and kind, and had a sort of dogged faithfulness to what was given him to do.

"The image of his Maker is not rubbed entirely out of that boy," said Mr. Mitchell to his wife; "let's give him a trial."

But the first thing they did was to give him a bath, which Jim did not like any more than a young rooster would; then he was fitted out in some odd garments of Carter's, and felt himself a dude, in spite of the fact that the three garments had belonged to three different suits, and were somewhat ragged about the knees. He was promised better clothes if he behaved well enough to keep his place. The first time he put his hand down into the pocket of his new-old trousers he felt something round and hard at the bottom. He had never owned a quarter in his life, but he knew the feel of it in a minute, and having learned to be sly, he said nothing to the lady, who was turning him around to see if the clothes were respectable. But the first minute he had to himself he tied that quarter up in an old dirty rag, and swung it by a string around his neck, under the new-fashioned shirt they had put on him.

"When they miss this here piece of money and come axin' me fer it, I won't know nothin' 'tall 'bout it," said Jim to the self he had brought with him from Fib's Alley. "Pockets don't tell no tales."

I have said that Jim was a brave boy; he had stood up against oaths and threats and blows, and cold and fatigue, but there was one force that had never been tried on him, and that he did not know anything about, that was loving-kindness. God and his servants were getting ready for that experiment now.

There were many things in the Mitchell house that surprised and delighted Jim, but the thing he had the most hankering after was a highly ornamented pistol, in one of the young gentlemen's drawers. The pistol ought not to have been there, but some young men don't cut their wisdom teeth very early, and there it was, bright and tempting.

Jim took a look at it every day, and presently began to handle and cock and aim it, and at last it went off in his right hand, shattering one of the fingers of his left. Poor Jim! The finger had to be cut off, and now he had his first taste of anguish.

Mrs. Mitchell sat by his couch, not only during the dreadful operation, not only during the long day of pain and nervousness, but straight through the night, for

fear he might sleep and tear the bandages off from his poor hand.

When the first daylight came in the window, Jim awoke and saw her sweet face, pale with sleepless watching; a big lump seemed to rise in his throat; he fumbled at the neck of his shirt until he managed to tear out the quarter, wrapped in its dirty rag. "If I had a known how good you was to me, I never would a took

THE JUNIOR SOCIALLY.

BY MRS. J. P. BRUSHINGHAM.

Our boys and girls of to-day are to be the men and women of the near future. Many of them are in our Junior Leagues. What we do for them must be done quickly, or while we are deliberating "what" and "how," they will be beyond our reach. Too many people forget that

place for such a child to develop his social nature is upon the street. I knew a mother who always said to her boy, "Now, Jimmie, whenever you want any company just ask me beforehand, and I will allow you to invite your boy friends home with you, and I will prepare the very best dinner I can for you." Children are fond of life's brightness, and if the attractive and cheerful homes of our Methodism had wide-open doors for the children's social enjoyment, the ball-room and the theatre would have little fascination as they grow up. The Junior League recognizes this fact and provides a social department.

Sometimes official boards look wise and say, "We cannot afford to buy carpets for the children to wear out." Dr. Harkness said recently at an Epworth League Convention that he "preferred a yard of boy to five hundred yards of carpet." Make the children feel their worth by allowing them the best of some things.

Jesus used to touch those whom he healed, and we cannot do very much for the children until we understand their social nature. Sometimes inviting them out to tea or to an evening entertainment, or managing to be invited to their homes to tea, will accomplish more than many sermons. To do this requires effort, tact, patience, and much more upon the part of the superintendent, but it will go a long way toward capturing those merry hearts for Christ and his Church.—Epworth Herald.

A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE.

HOW IT WAS RESCUED.

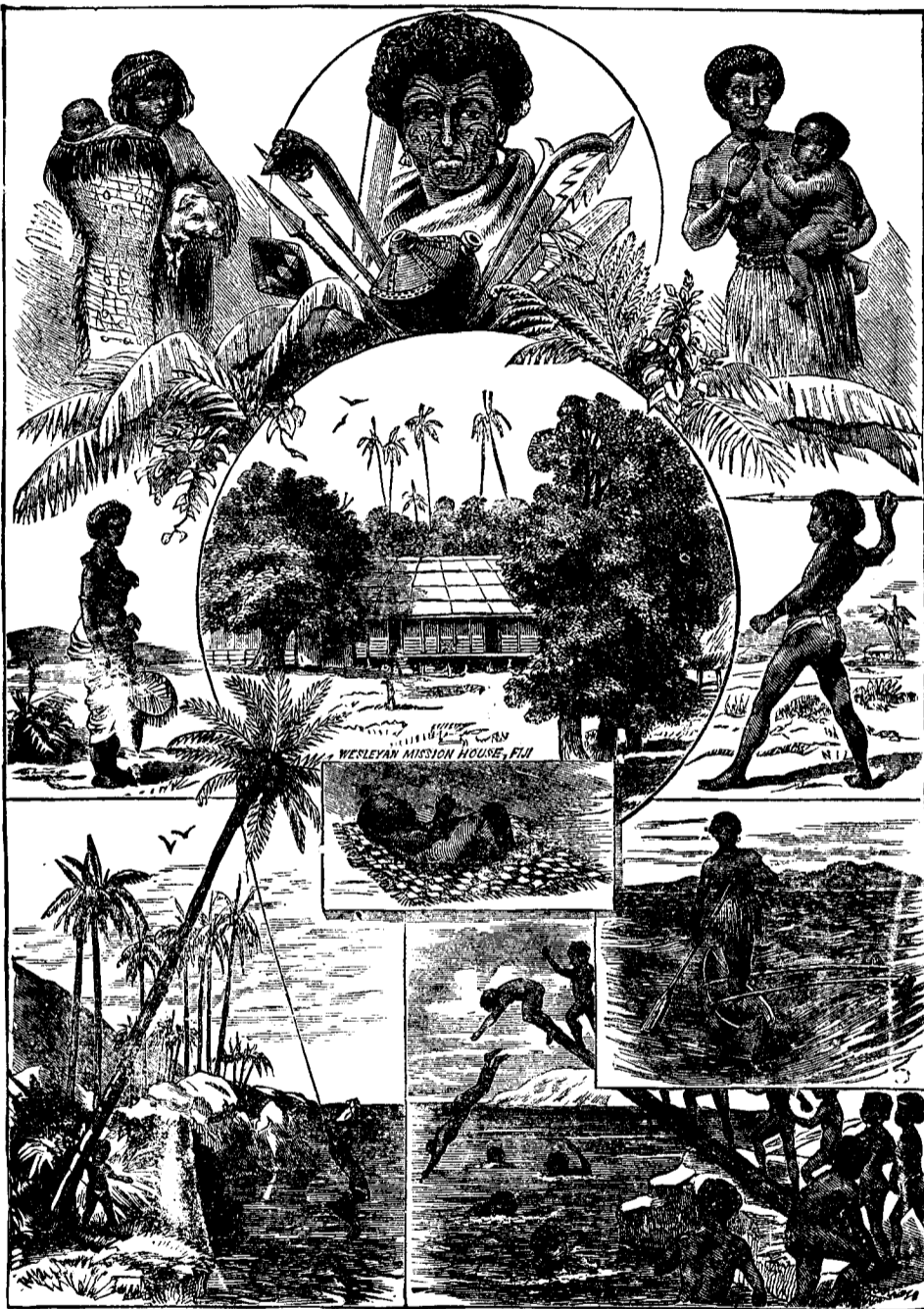
One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighbourhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question everyone asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.—St. Nicholas.



SCENES IN FIJI ISLANDS.

it," he said, putting it into the lady's hand and bursting into tears.

Mrs. Mitchell's tears fell, too. "My boy," she said, "if I tell you of One who loves you far better than I do, and who has done unspeakably more for you than I ever could, will you not feel that way about him too—that you never will grieve him because he is so good?" And then she spoke to Jim of the Saviour who had died for him and of the love that was now seeking him. And so by this loving-kindness of hers Jim learned to know the "Love divine, all love excelling."—E. P. A., in Morning Star.

"I fear you don't quite apprehend me," as the gaol-bird said to his pursuers.

they were ever children, and are indifferent to their happiness. Don't think an artificial and forced soberness will be agreeable to children—you might as well laugh at their nonsense now and then.

A boy once said to a Junior superintendent, who had recently been appointed, "I hope you'll be a little jolly. We always felt as though there was a coffin in the room when Miss S—— taught us, she was so awfully solemn." I believe that many who grow to be men and women hardened in sin, might have been gathered as lambs into the fold of the Good Shepherd but for parents and teachers and leaders forever saying, "Don't" do this, and "Don't" do that, and "Sit still and be good children," or "Keep out of the parlour," and "Keep off the polished kitchen floor." The only

Two Boxes.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
"I would open, I know, for me,
Then over the land and the sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deepest sea.

—Worthington's Magazine.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

THE SHABBY COAT.

There was no denying it, the coat was decidedly shabby.

No matter how John brushed and sponged it, and from long practice he had become tolerably expert in the application of flannel and hot water, the glory of the glossy garment had departed forever. It was white in the seams, frayed at the cuffs, and greasy about the collar—in short, the coat was in the last stages of seedliness.

The contemplation of the shabby coat, more especially as it was the best he had, set John thinking.

Now, it is a good thing for a man to sit down, say once in three months, and set himself seriously to think. It is a good thing at even shorter intervals, in the hurry and rush of life, to get outside ourselves, as it were, and look at ourselves as John looked at the coat.

It was a painful process, this thinking, so far as our friend was concerned.

John thought of his own scanty wardrobe, of his ill-clad children, of his hard-driven, dispirited, but uncomplaining wife.

She was pretty and bright enough once, poor girl, with the gayest laugh you ever heard. John was proud in the old days to be seen walking out with his fair young bride—the envy of other men—and would spruce himself up as best he could for her sweet company, for she was natty, mind you, as to her bonnet, and took considerable pains with her personal appearance. And later, when the children came, it was a pleasure to go Sunday after Sunday to church, and sit in the accustomed pew with Lucy and the little ones. That pew was deserted now. He could scarcely remember when he was last at church, Lucy, putting a brave face on matters, in

spite of the pitying glances which the neighbours bestowed on her threadbare dress, for a long time went alone—long, indeed, after her husband had remained indoors of a Sunday as a regular thing—but finally, bit by bit, her resolution had broken down, and she also stayed at home.

Home! Why, the home was shabby, too! Many of the household treasures—called "the sticks" in the parlance of certain of his acquaintances who assembled nightly at the "Red Lion"—had been parted with to raise money for common necessities, John often now being out of work. Worse still, their bits of things had occasionally been seized for debt.

The sun was shining brightly into the room as John sat pondering, and in the street outside he could detect the steps of the passers-by, some slouching, some brisk and alert, as they went to and fro on their daily business. The steps brisk and alert died rapidly away in the hollow distance. They rang sharp and true, and intent with purpose. The slouching steps lingered in the near neighbourhood—the neighbourhood of the "Red Lion." John rose from his seat, went to the window, and looked out.

There was the public-house at the corner. Presently he saw certain of his mates pass in, for this was Saturday afternoon, and work was knocked off for the day. His mates would be expecting him, but John for the time being was in a brown study. His attention was riveted on the spectacle of a number of dirty, unshaven loungers, who, with their hands buried deeply in their breeches pockets, were leaning against the wall adjoining the public-house door. The curate had just passed, looking every inch a gentleman, as he was every inch a brave, true-hearted servant of Christ, and had stopped to speak, probably by way of remonstrance, with one of the least respectable of the group outside.

It was on the men themselves, however, that John's gaze was fixed. They were all, so to speak, dressed alike. Each of them wore a shabby coat. It was in the case of each, many of them husbands and fathers, "the livery of disgrace." Had he fallen as low as these! The thought struck him like a blow. At that instant a man emerged from the "Red Lion," and catching sight of John at the bedroom window, beckoned him to come over.

John shook his head, and drew down the blind. "God helping me, I will never enter the place again!" he murmured, and kneeling down by the bedside, he clasped his hands in silent prayer.

A few weeks later the old pew at the church was again filled with its former occupants; and as John followed the service with fervent devotion, the sorrow was still fresh in his heart for the sin that had shadowed sweet Lucy's life, and caused him so long to wear the shabby coat.—Selected.

"FREE, HELP YOURSELF."

Near San Diego, Cal., lives, or did live, the owner of a large olive orchard. Close by is a railroad junction, where many passengers await daily the trains on various lines.

Now there is a popular impression that fresh olives are delicious, but it is a delusion and a snare. They are nearly as pucky as persimmons, though they look very tempting. So this humane, large-souled philanthropist nailed a box on the fence opposite the station, kept it filled with the luscious-looking fruit, and put up a placard saying, "Fine, Fresh, Ripe Olives. Free. Help Yourselves." Of course the tired, thirsty travellers would make a rush for the box, only to get a nauseous dose, adding immeasurably to their previous discomfort.

And the planter? O, he sat in a summer house near by and enjoyed seeing them suffer! It was his idea of fun.

In Connecticut a few years ago lived a lady who had a beautiful flower garden, in which she took great pride. The whole country was proud of it too, and its fame went abroad in the land, so that people drove miles to see it. She fastened two large baskets on the outside of her fence next the road, and every morning they were filled with cut flowers—the large, showy kinds in one basket and the delicate, fragile ones in the other. All

the school children going by helped themselves and studied the better for it, and the business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices that helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get in their forlorn lives.

"You cut such quantities," some one said to her, "aren't you afraid you will rob yourself?"

"The more I cut the more I have," she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well, for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I'm like the man in Pilgrim's Progress:

"A man there was (though some did count him mad),
The more he gave away, the more he had."

If any community were to vote on the question of which of these people was likely to be in all respects the most desirable resident, it isn't hard to tell which would be welcomed with joy.

IN SUMMER TIME.

"There isn't a rooster in the barnyard that begins to compare with me."

Young Mr. Plymouth Rock strutted about, doing his best to show himself off.

"Anyone can see how much style I have about me. How finely I carry my head! What a flap I give my wings when I crow! My legs are the real high-toned yellow. No common breed ever has just that shade. And everyone must notice the tinge of pure gray in my feathers."

There's young White Leghorn. His family went out of style long ago, but he doesn't seem to know it. Anyone who knows anything about fowls knows that the Plymouth Rock family stands at the very head.

"My mother received prizes at more than one county fair. I have even heard it said that the members of our family had appeared at the most elegant tables. Perhaps I shall myself some day. How I should enjoy being in a really aristocratic place instead of in a common yard, where I have to mingle with all sorts of fowls."

Out on the lawn in front of the pretty farmhouse little Miss Elsie Peck was walking up and down. She lived in the city, but was here with her mother making a visit. And in some way she had taken it into her silly little head that city children were better and finer than country children.

As she walked up and down, she talked with herself.

"I like to come here, but I shouldn't like to stay all the time. Children in the country look so common. I'm glad mamma likes me to have on a white frock in the afternoon. Some children wear gingham ones all day."

There was nothing fine about the simple white frock with a ribbon tied about the waist. But Elsie's heart swelled with pride and vanity.

"And gingham sunbonnets! I always wear a hat. And how funny they do look with their little tight braids just like pig-tails. And such big, ugly shoes."

She stepped forth from the shade of the trees into the sun, because someone had told her her curls shone like gold in the sunbeams. But she quickly went back to the shade, remembering that the sun might bring tan and freckles to her face.

Hannah, the girl in the kitchen, came out into the barnyard with a pan of food for the fowls. Mr. Plymouth Rock hurried toward her, tramping down one or two tiny chicks as he went.

"She'll give me plenty. She'll see what a fine fellow I am, so plump and well grown."

Hannah did see. She looked sharply at him as he proudly strutted before her in front of all the others.

"You're a fine fat one," she said. "You'll do nicely for dinner when the company comes."

And away went Mr. Plymouth Rock, held by the legs, his well-carried head dangling upside down, squawking dismally. No one to notice the real high-toned colour of his legs or to care for the pure gray of his feathers!

"Who's that coming along the road?" said Elsie, turning her attention from her smug self at the sound of wheels.

There were other sounds too. Plenty of chat and laughter coming, as she soon saw, from a big farm wagon filled to overflow with merry, rosy-faced little country girls. They were all packed into the wagon box with plenty of straw.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elsie to herself. "I do believe it's a berrying party. They've got pulls and lunch baskets too. What a nice time they will have. Dear me, I wish I could go."

But the next minute she had turned her back and was slowly walking along the gravel path to show the bow of her sash. With each step she gave her frock a little swing, such as she fancied her mamma and other grown-up ladies did.

She could not hear what was being said in the wagon.

"That's Squire Peck's little granddaughter from the city."

"I wonder if she wouldn't like to go with us."

"I guess she's never been berrying. She'd have a real nice time."

"Shall we ask her to go?"

"Oh, no," came from one or two. "See how snippy she looks."

"See how she tosses her head—"

"And how she walks."

"I know she's proud, and thinks herself a great deal better than us."

"No, don't let's take her."

So the load of fun and frolic and bright faces went on, and the foolish little girl never knew that she had lost a rare treat through her pride and vanity.

A BIT OF MANNERS.

It was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsome as the phrase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes, that looked friendly into yours; and a mouth that smiled cordially, if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand, which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad, as was he. She had a thoughtful face—perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead, and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air as if he were her only champion and protector. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station, and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up, he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit, his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face, and he was gone.

Is it not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

A BOY'S NOBLE NATURE.

A generous soul hates the doing of a wrong or mean thing, more than he fears being punished for it. An instance of frank magnanimity, that any boy might emulate, is here given.

A lad was once called before the police court in one of our large cities for throwing a stone which struck a girl in the eye. The respectability of the parties excited considerable interest, and drew many persons to hear the examination.

The boy was bound over to appear at the municipal court, and Colonel M— was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy about twelve years of age called upon the colonel and asked—

"Sir, are you engaged to defend —?"

"Yes, I am; why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied, "Because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission."

"Well done—you are a fine boy; what is your name?"

"My name is —."

"Well," said the counsellor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, "will you tell the county attorney you committed this act?"

"Yes, sir," said he, and immediately went to the attorney's office for that purpose.

The friends of the injured girl, on hearing these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the matter.

A Cup of Cold Water.

The Lord of the harvest walked forth one day
 Where the fields were white with the ripening wheat,
 Where those he had sent in the early morn
 Were reaping the grain in the noonday heat.
 He had chosen a place for every one,
 And bidden them work till the day was done.
 Apart from the others, with troubled voice,
 Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain:
 "The Master has given no work to me,
 And my coming hither has been in vain.
 The reapers with gladness and song will come,
 But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest-home."
 He heard the complaint, and he called her name:
 "Dear child, why standest thou idle here?
 Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream,
 And bring it to those who are toiling near;
 I will bless thy labour, and it shall be
 Kept in remembrance as done for me."
 'Twas a little service, but grateful hearts
 Thanked God for the water so cold and clear;
 And some who were fainting with thirst and heat
 Went forth with new strength to the work so dear;
 And many a weary soul looked up,
 Revived and cheered by the little cup.
 —Selected.

THE STORY OF JESSICA.

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

Week after week, through the three last months of the year, Jessica appeared every Wednesday at the coffee-stall, and, after waiting patiently till the close of the breakfasting business, received her pittance from the charity of her new friend. After a while Daniel allowed her to carry some of his load to the coffee-house, but he never suffered her to follow farther, and he was always particular to watch her out of sight before he turned off through the intricate mazes of the streets in the direction of his own home. Neither did he encourage her to ask him any more questions; and often but very few words passed between them during Jessica's breakfast-time.

As to Jessica's home, she made no secret of it, and Daniel might have followed her any time he pleased. It was a single room, which had once been a hayloft over the stable of an old inn, now in use for two or three donkeys, the property of costermongers dwelling in the court about it. The mode of entrance was by a wooden ladder, whose rungs were crazy and broken, and which led up through a trap-door in the floor of the loft. The interior of the home was as desolate and comfortless as that of the stable below, with only a litter of straw for the bedding, and a few bricks and boards for the furniture. Everything that could be pawned had disappeared long ago, and Jessica's mother often lamented that she could not thus dispose of her child. Yet Jessica was hardly a burden to her. It was a long time since she had taken any care to provide her with food or clothing, and the girl had to earn or beg for herself the meat which kept a scanty life within her. Jess was the drudge and errand-girl of the court; and what with being cuffed and beaten by her mother, and over-worked and ill-used by her numerous employers, her life was a hard one. But now there was always Wednesday morning to count upon and look forward to; and by-and-bye a second scene of amazed delight opened upon her.

Jessica had wandered far away from home in the early darkness of a winter's evening, after a violent outbreak of her drunken mother, and she was still sobbing now and then, with long-drawn sobs of pain and weariness, when she saw, a little way before her, the tall, well-

known figure of her friend, Mr. Daniel. He was dressed in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth, and he was pacing with brisk, yet measured, steps along the lighted streets. Jessica felt afraid of speaking to him, but she followed at a little distance, until presently he stopped before the iron gates of a large building, and, unlocking them, passed on to the arched doorway, and with a heavy key opened the folding-doors and entered in. The child stole after him, but paused for a few minutes, trembling upon the threshold, until the gleam of a light lit up within tempted her to venture a few steps forward, and to push a little way open an inner door, covered with crimson baize, only so far as to enable her to peep through at the inside. Then, growing bolder by degrees, she crept through herself, drawing the door to noiselessly behind her. The place was in partial gloom, but Daniel was kindling every gaslight, and each minute lit it up in more striking grandeur. She stood in a carpeted aisle, with high oaken pews on each side, almost as black as ebony. A gallery of the same dark old oak ran round the walls, resting upon massive pillars, behind one of which she was partly concealed, gazing with eager eyes at Daniel as he mounted the pulpit steps and kindled the lights there, disclosing to her curious delight the glittering pipes of an organ behind it. Before long the slow and soft-footed chapel-keeper disappeared for a minute or two into a vestry; and Jessica, availing herself of his short absence, stole silently up under the shelter of the dark pews until she reached the steps of the organ loft, with its golden show. But at this moment Mr. Daniel appeared again, arrayed in a long gown of black serge; and as she stood spell-bound gazing at the strange appearance of her patron, his eyes fell upon her, and he also was struck speechless for a minute, with an air of amazement and dismay upon his grave face.

"Come now," he exclaimed harshly, as soon as he could recover his presence of mind, "you must take yourself out of this. This isn't any place for such as you. It's for ladies and gentlemen; so you must run away sharp before anybody comes. How ever did you find your way here?"

He had come very close to her, and bent down to whisper in her ear, looking nervously round to the entrance all the time. Jessica's eager tongue was loosened.

"Mother beat me," she said, "and turned me into the streets, and I see you there, so I followed you up. I'll run away this minute, Mr. Daniel; but it's a nice place. What do the ladies and gentlemen do when they come here? Tell me, and I'll be off sharp."

"They come here to pray," whispered Daniel.

"What is pray?" asked Jessica.
 "Bless the child!" cried Daniel, in perplexity. "Why, they kneel down in those pews; most of them sit, though; and the minister up in the pulpit tells God what they want."

Jessica gazed into his face with such an air of bewilderment that a faint smile crept over the sedate features of the pew-opener.

"What is a minister and God?" she said; "and do ladies and gentlemen want anything? I thought they'd everything they wanted, Mr. Daniel."

"Oh!" cried Daniel, "you must be off, you know. They'll be coming in a minute, and they'd be shocked to see a ragged little heathen like you. This is the pulpit where the minister stands and preaches to 'em; and there are the pews where they sit to listen to him, or to go to sleep, maybe; and that's the organ to play music to their singing. There, I've told you everything, and you must never come again, never."

"Mr. Daniel," said Jessica, "I don't know nothing about it. Isn't there a dark little corner somewhere that I could hide in?"

"No, no," interrupted Daniel, impatiently; "we couldn't do with such a little heathen, with no shoes or bonnet on. Come now, it's only a quarter to the time, and somebody will be here in a minute. Run away, do!"

Jessica retraced her steps slowly to the crimson door, casting many a longing look backwards; but Mr. Daniel stood at the end of the aisle, frowning upon her whenever she glanced behind. She

gained the lobby at last, but already some one was approaching the chapel door, and beneath the lamp at the gate stood one of her natural enemies—a policeman. Her heart beat fast, but she was quick-witted, and in another instant she spied a place of concealment behind one of the doors, into which she crept for safety until the path should be clear, and the policeman passed on upon his beat.

The congregation began to arrive quickly. She heard the rustling of silk dresses, and she could see the gentlemen and ladies pass by the niche between the door and the post. Once she ventured to stretch out a thin little finger and touch a velvet mantle as the wearer of it swept by, but no one caught her in the act, or suspected her presence behind the door. Mr. Daniel, she could see, was very busy ushering the people to their seats; but there was a startled look lingering upon his face, and every now and then he peered anxiously into the outer gloom and darkness, and even once called to the policeman to ask if he had seen a ragged child hanging about. After a while the organ began to sound, and Jessica, crouching down in her hiding-place, listened entranced to the sweet music. She could not tell what made her cry, but the tears came so rapidly that it was of no use to rub the corners of her eyes with her hard knuckles; so she lay down upon the ground, and buried her face in her hands, and wept without restraint. When the singing was over, she could only catch a confused sound of a voice speaking. The lobby was empty now, and the crimson doors closed. The policeman, also, had walked on. This was the moment to escape. She raised herself from the ground with a feeling of weariness and sorrow; and, thinking sadly of the light and warmth and music that were within the closed doors, she stepped out into the cold and darkness of the streets, and loitered homewards with a heavy heart.

(To be continued.)

GOOD RULES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The rules of Elizabeth Fry, the benefactress, are especially appropriate for young people. They are as follows:

1. Never lose time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day, but always be in the habit of being employed.
2. Never err the least in truth.
3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.
6. Do all things with consideration, and, when thy path to act right is difficult, put confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

SCHOOL-BOYS OF ANTWERP.

The school-boys, too, would delight you. So far as legs go, they are clad as any American boys might be clad—in knickerbockers or long trousers; but around their shoulders they wear dark-blue capes with hoods, and on their heads such jolly caps! Rubens, the great painter, lived in Antwerp. He died there two hundred and fifty years ago; but the boys of Antwerp know as much about him as you do about Christopher Columbus or George Washington—maybe more—and they keep his memory green by the caps they wear. These are of the same style as those worn by Rubens, and for that reason they are much worn by art-students generally and, therefore, in towns where Rubens is not so well known as he is in Antwerp, they are described as "painters' caps." They are much larger in circumference than the tam-o'-shanter, and instead of being knitted or crocheted they are made of dark-blue or black cloth, and have a cunning little pigtail on the top, not more than an inch in length, and smaller around than a lead-pencil. The boys wear these caps in all sorts of ways: pulled down over the eyes to keep the sun out, pulled entirely back from the forehead, as is the fashion of Neapolitan fishermen, or worn rakishly on one side or the other, and hanging well down to the shoulder. Not one straw hat or one "Derby" did I see on the head of an

Antwerp school-boy. The effect of these caps and the short cape were very picturesque, and I felt as if I was looking at so many little Rubenses when I saw them romping through the streets on their way to and from school.—Jeannette L. Gilder, in St. Nicholas.

The best example of self-denying liberality in the Bible is recorded of woman. The best example of loving sacrifice in the Bible is recorded of woman. The best example of conquering prayer in the Bible is recorded of woman. The gift was a widow's mite; the service was the anointing of Jesus with a box of ointment; the prayer was a mother's for a daughter possessed with a devil. Jesus never let fall such words of royal commendation as concerning these three women. Of the poor widow he said, "She has cast in more than they all." Of Mary he said, "She hath done what she could." And to the Canaanitish mother he said: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—Dr. Herriek Johnson.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

A little girl going along a crowded street, says The Outlook, carrying a child not much smaller than herself, was accosted by a lady. "Isn't he a burden?" she questioned kindly. "O, no'm," answered the child; "he's my brother."

A six-year-old boy came home from Sunday-school boasting that he could beat his class singing. "How do you make that out?" said his father. "Why, pa," he replied; "I got through way before any of the rest."

The "Fin de Siecle" Girl.

"What do you know, oh, maiden fair?"
 "Oh, I know much," she made reply;
 "I know of Homer and Moliere;
 I can make poetry if I try,
 Or send sonatas with a crash
 Out of my three-legged parlour grand;
 Play Wagner with terrific dash,
 And 'Home, Sweet Home,' with my left hand.
 "Also can I, whenever I please,
 Variegate the general din,
 Removing with dispatch and ease
 Concertos from my violin;
 I know talking, dancing Kant,
 Zoology and how to box,
 And the name of every plant,
 The solstices and equinox.
 The only things I do not know
 Are how to cook and how to sew."

THE TOAD UNDRRESSED.

My uncle and sister and I were out in the garden one day watching a little toad, and my uncle took a twig and very, very gently scratched first one side of the toad and then the other. The toad evidently enjoyed it, for he would roll slowly from side to side and blink very expressively. I was so interested that when they went in I took the twig and did as my uncle had done. If, thought I, he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the twig down his back? I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam, showing a bright new coat below, and then my quiet little toad showed his knowledge, for he gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, taking it off the body and legs first, and then blinking it over his eyes, till—where had it gone? He had rolled it into a ball and swallowed it.—Philadelphia Press.

Ten years ago the Basutos in South Africa were threatened with ruin and extinction through the ravages of strong drink. At the earnest request of the chiefs, the British Government prohibited the import of intoxicants. As a result the Basutos have made remarkable progress. The country is a centre of loyalty and order, and a source of food and labour supply to the neighbouring States. Last year the exports amounted to \$250,000, and passes were issued to more than 50,000 natives who went to work in the mines of Kimberley and Johannesburg.

All the Children

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been—
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen!
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small;
What of children, O how many,
Who have not grown up at all.

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to Heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? Who will scold
them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children, too,
In all stages of all ages
That our planet ever knew,
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint—
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON IX.—MARCH 1.

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

Luke 9. 18-27. Memory verses, 23-26.

Golden Text.—This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9. 35.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29, and about nine months before the crucifixion.

Place.—Near to Caesarea Philippi. This city was at the very north of Palestine, twenty-five miles from the Sea of Galilee, and at the foot of Mount Hermon.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Between the raising of Jairus' daughter, and the lesson of to-day the chief events in the life of Christ were: The cure of two blind men, second visit to Nazareth, the mission of the twelve, death of John the Baptist, feeding of five thousand. His discourse after this miracle caused many of his followers to forsake him (John 6. 66-71). As the opposition grew Jesus left Galilee and went through Tyre and Sidon and other regions. It was during this journey the words of our lesson were spoken.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Luke 9. 18-27). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read of visitors and a voice from heaven (Luke 9. 28-36). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—A description of Jesus written seven hundred years before he was born (Isa. 53). Learn the Golden Text. Read our Sketch of the Lesson.

Thursday.—Read what John thought of Jesus (John 1. 19-28). Learn the Memory Verses. Read the Parallel Passages.

Friday.—Read the Spirit's witness to Jesus (John 1. 29-34). Study the Notes. Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read what Jesus said about himself (John 4. 19-26). Study the teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read Paul's tribute to his Master (2 Tim. 1. 1-12). Sing the Lesson Hymn.

QUESTIONS.

1. Faith, verses 18-22. —18. What was Jesus in the habit of doing before any great work? Mention instances. Why did he ask the disciples what people thought of him? 19. How was it that none said he was the Messiah? 20. Why did he ask the disciples what they thought? Who answered for the rest? Why did Peter answer? 21. Why did Jesus charge them to tell no one he was Christ? 22. Why must he suffer? What three orders made up the great council? Did he say anything to cheer them?
2. Faithfulness, verses 23-27. —23. What did Christ mean by our taking up the cross? What must we do after we make this choice? 24. What do we lose if we live for the world? 25. Can the loss be made up? 26. What is it to be ashamed of Jesus? How does Christ's example encourage us? What did Jesus mean by seeing the kingdom of God?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What the world thinks of Christ is often wrong. It is not enough to know what others think of Jesus. Suffering

KONO SAN.

Kono San is a little Japanese boy about eight years old. He is small and slender for his age, but very active. His eyes are large and black, with a pretty, searching way of looking up and waiting for smiles. He never laughs out loud like the other children, but when anything funny happens his fat, round face shines like a stray sunbeam.

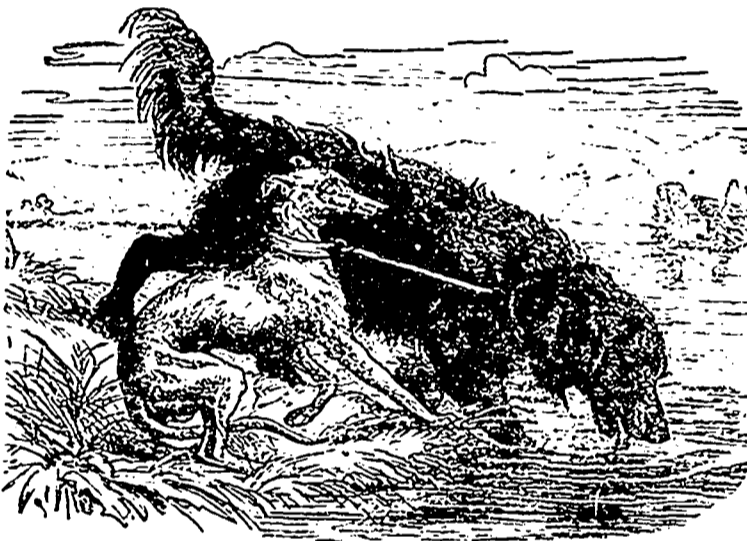
The older boys have a sort of fatherly compassion for Kono San. They always give him the best seat at the children's meetings at our mission on Sunday evenings, so that he can see without difficulty the chart pictures used in making the talks.

He is quiet and obedient in school, and tries very hard to learn. One day during song exercise I found it necessary to correct the children as to sitting or standing properly. After each correction Kono San's little black head was bent backward a few degrees further, till on looking round I discovered him occupying an alarming and dangerous position, with his eyes fixed bravely on the ceiling overhead and his plump, brown hands grasping tightly the bench before him.

Together with the other thirty-five children he sings well. They are learning the song, "I love to tell the story," the first lines of which in Japanese are like this:

"Ito mo ka shi ko shi
Ye su no me gu mi."

Kono San and I have long been the



BADLY MATED.

and glory are linked together. It is harder to remain a Christian than to become one. We ought not to be ashamed of Jesus, nor yet be a shame to him. If one soul is lost there is nothing valuable enough in the universe to redeem it. Jesus will reward those who do and suffer much for him. Compared with Christ's sufferings how light are ours! Compared with the glory he promises how little we do to merit it!

MISSPENT ENTHUSIASM.

You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride, you will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common senseable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.—Ruskin.

best of friends. Only once did he ever venture to impose on my friendship, and that was when he thrust his black, dirty little feet into my empty shoes, which were standing at the door, and strode round the house amid the shouting glee of the other children and the smiling satisfaction of himself. As he came to the window, he bowed very low, and, pointing to his feet, said, with respectful awe:

"Sen si, Go ran na sai!" (Teacher, look!)

My reply, "I ki ma sen!" (You must not!) brought matters to a speedy close. My shoes occupy a high and dry place now on the very top row of the shoe box.

The rows of black buttons on our shoes were a great puzzle to Kono San. He called them beans, and told me all about how his mother cooked beans for dinner, and how they ate them with chopsticks. He thought it very funny that these foreigners drilled little wires into beans and wore them on their footwear.

You know we do not wear our shoes into a Japanese house, but leave them at the door, so Kono San could easily get into mine.—C. Hostetter, in Youth's Advocate.

THE HEAVENLY HARMONY.

In the year 1641 a traveller, visiting Amsterdam, went up into the tower of St. Nicholas church to note the playing of the marvellous chimes. He found a man away below the bells, with a sort of wooden gloves on his hands, pounding away on a key-board. The nearness of the bells, the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, the clatter of the wires made it impossible to hear the music. But in the distance many men paused in their work to listen to the chiming.

It may be that in your watch-tower where you are wearily pouring the music out of your life into the empty lives of the lowly, that the rattling of the keys and the heavy hammers, the twanging of the wires, the very nearness of the work may all conspire to prevent your catching even one strain of the music you are creating; but far out over the eternal sea, the pure melody of your work blends with the song of angels, and is ringing through the corridors of the skies.—Helping Hand.

BADLY MATED.

Things get pretty badly mixed up in this world. Our picture gives an illustration of this fact. Here we see a slender, dainty, fastidious Italian greyhound, raised only to be a fine lady's parlour pet, linked to a rough-and-tumble water spaniel, who delights to plunge in water so cold that the very thought of it almost throws his delicate companion into chills. And it looks like the hardy spaniel was going to carry the greyhound in for a swim in spite of all protests on his part. The Bible tells Christians not to be "unequally yoked together with unbelievers," which means not to marry those who are not Christians, nor go into partnership with them in any business. A picture may help you to see why such a partnership will not work well.

ROOSEVELT'S WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

"If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our city," I asked him one day, "what would you say to them?"
"I'd order them to work," said he; "I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached; first and foremost, to be American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications. For myself, I'd work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendant of a patroon; it literally makes no difference to me so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. One other thing, I'd like to teach the young man of wealth that he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his first duty to the state. It is ignoble to try to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

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